I see as in a mappe the ende of all.
Du. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost:
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated and domesticke broiles,
Cleane ouerblowne themselues, the conquerours
Make warre vpon themselues, bloud against bloud,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come come my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gratious Lady go,
And thither beare your treasure and your goods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the sanctuary. *Exeunt.*
The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.
Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauy:
I want more Vnckles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those Vnckles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poison of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they wer none.
Glo. My Lo, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo:M. God blesse your grace with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo: and thanke you all:
I thought my mother, and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come, or no. (*Enter L. Hast.*
Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lo:
Prin. Welcome my Lo: what will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother and your brother Yorke
Haue taken sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lo: Cardinall will your grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lo: Hastings go with him,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo: of Buckingham, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anone expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God in heauen forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed sanctuary, not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deepe a sinne.
Buck. You are too senceleste obstinate my Lo:
Too ceremonious and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the grossenes of this age.
You breake not sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserude the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo